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of the qualities so expressed may be, but we must accept this general law, that a work of art, so far from being faulty for expressing the artist's character, absolutely demands it. It is not nature, pure and simple, that we want most from the artist—though we get that so rarely that we ought always to give it cordial encouragement—but nature with a difference; and instead of saying to ourselves, as we generally do, 'I do not see nature so,' let us accept the difference as an addition and a gift. Indeed, the proper analysis of a work of art depends on our so doing; so that when we find in a picture what we call a style or manner, we have only to determine if it be genuine, and the result of a peculiar way of regarding nature—in which case it is good—or the effect of a willingness to compromise with difficulties, in which case it is bad.

"But for comparative judgment we may leave out of the question the natural element; for nature, the eternally true and unchangable mother, wears the same sweet face for all—it is only in loving insight of her that men differ.

"If my standard of judgment be admitted, we shall exclude from our Walhalla many popular idols of past and present times—men whose only gifts seem to be a clear and dispassionate perception of external things, and a power of recalling that perception at will, with whatever degree of correctness—mental photographers, seeing in nature only so many facts of which note may be taken, and recording them as phenomena more or less interesting from their rarity or from some quality of picturesque adaptability; going out to sketch, as penny-a-liners go to the scene of some interesting event—to whom

'A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is, * *
And nothing more.'

"To these, the rolling of mountains and their pinnacles reaching into the infinite blue, their peaks on peaks of snowy grandeur, make only so much fine composition; the flecking of cloud-shadows, hurryingly keeping even-paced with the west wind, only so much fine light and shade; and the melancholy glory of the dying day only so much color to be noted in memoranda on the corner of a sketch, in all the conventional names of tints known in the studios, and the whole language of nature is translated into terms of pigment and pencil. These range over the whole

world, finding their material at all points with equal facility. All is fish that comes into the net. A pile of ruins by the Nile, a crumbling castle in Scotland, the solemn surges of the Atlantic, or the dreamy cloud-piles of the August afternoon, are all alike welcome, because only welcome to the brain. These find the heart of nothing, and nothing finds the heart of them; they paint nothing but surface, but in painting surface nothing limits them but their power to draw. What they give us we will accept as so much artistic topography; if you please, reports of the transactions of nature, ever so minute and praiseworthy, and in ever so many and ever so ponderous volumes; and as nature's doings are always interesting, even thus superficially reported, we shall have due regard, in our acknowledgments of enjoyments received, to the reporters. I do not now speak of men who, sitting down before nature, in humility and with earnest love of beauty in its least forms, reverentially transcribe what it shows them. I speak of men who have vigorous conception, fluent invention and dexterous execution, but of whom we cannot expect poetry, because love is the soul of poetry, and these love not—or imagination, because imagination deals with the soul of all things, and these have never found that there was a soul in nature. I would not, in any degree, diminish the pleasure such painters give the world, but theirs is still not the place of honor—which is in the heart, not the head of mankind. Art involves more than intellect; the ideal is hid in a worse than Cretan labyrinth, and love is the clue by which we find it. The truer artists are those who, it may be, see comparatively little, but finding all in the little, are content to go no farther; they find the least thing so full of meaning that the magnitude of an Alp is only an elevation greater than that of the sheep-fleeced knoll where they have played when they were children. Finding the soul of nature, they also find it flashing out as vividly from the tiny cascates of the brook at home as from the glancing green of Niagara's flood. The true heart finds that which it loves worthiest, and unhesitatingly declares its utter scepticism as to the greater excellence of something far off. It is this loving, passionate temper, which imprints itself so on the work it does, that it becomes individual—it is this only which infuses the real character of the artist into his art. It is this which

refines, purifies, and idealizes nature—which passes so gently and lovingly over its subject, harmonizing its discords, bringing into clearer light its points of expression, and veiling its harsher ones—that we become conscious of a subtler force than that of intellect in the result."

AN APENNINE ADVENTURE.

WHILE stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our segars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Apennines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine.

I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:

"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I

could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easily enough, but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay indoors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and, if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. 'But can't we have some one?' I asked. 'If Signor will pay,' was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable-looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough looking fellows were provided, one as a *vetturino* (postillion), and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Apennines by the Pass of *La Collina*, and just began to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallooing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the *vetturino*.

"But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to-morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus.

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. 'We'll go just as fast; and besides, they'll pay us something.'

"By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark-visaged, black-bearded, powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly hoggish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw they were well armed.

"'Hope we don't trouble you?' said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply.

"He repeated the remark.

"'No comprehend, Signor,' I said, shaking my head.

"'Ah—Englise?' he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"'No—Irish,' I told him.

"'Ugh!' he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of the face.

"We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone, I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the *Collina*; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"'Death and destruction!' he uttered in his own tongue, 'we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!'

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"'He's right. He don't understand us,' said one of them.

"'All safe,' returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having

my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave, and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoja, where his confederate was, to await my arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coolly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road wound round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position, sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them, that was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small traveling bag under my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

"At length the high craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly round it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"*'Gold! Gold!'* he said. 'Give me gold or die.'

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him; for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With an energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down, and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage, the postillion cried out:

"Hold, Marco! A vettura is coming!"

"The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vettura, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the window.

"Help! Robbers! I shouted with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim and a quick one too, he shot the villain through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude

was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"No," said my brother. "Our sisters won't expect us for three days; so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my vettura."

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the vettura ourselves.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Apennines. And let me say to you: If you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE story of the true "Women of the Revolution" is not all told. One has recently transpired which deserves to be re-told, that the women of to-day may see of what stuff their mothers were made.

The Honesdale (Pa.) Democrat chronicles the recent death of Mrs. Sarah Benjamin, of Mt. Pleasant, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fourteen years five months and three days, and thus refers to the stirring incidents of her life:

"Her maiden name was Sarah Matthews, and she was born in Goshen, Orange county, New-York, on the 17th of November, 1743. She was thrice married. Her first husband was Mr.

William Reed. He served in the Revolutionary army in the early part of the struggle, and died of a wound received in Virginia. Her second husband was Mr. Aaron Osburne, of Goshen, New-York. He also was in the army of the Revolution, but survived the war. Her last husband was Mr. John Benjamin, with whom she settled in Mount Pleasant in 1812. He died four years afterward. She had five children, the youngest of whom is seventy years old. She has left four generations of descendants. From her youth until past forty years of age she was in the midst of the rough and stirring scenes of border warfare or of the Revolutionary struggle. Her temperament was such that she could not be an idle spectator of events. She entered very deeply into all these vicissitudes. Up to the latest period of her life, she distinctly recollected the family of Mr. Broadhead, whose sons, in 1755, boldly resisted a party of two hundred Indians, making a fort of their house. She was in the vicinity of Minisink when Brandt, the Indian chief, led a party of Indians and Tories through that settlement, scalping the inhabitants and burning the houses. After the second marriage, she accompanied her husband in the army. During marches she made herself useful in preparing food, and when in quarters engaged in sewing for the officers and men. She was, however, ready for any service which circumstances seemed to require. When the army was engaged in embarking some heavy ordnance at Kingsbridge, on the Hudson, ostensibly to attack New-York, then in the hands of the enemy, it was necessary to do it in the night, and to place sentries around, lest they should be observed or taken by surprise. Her husband having been placed as a sentinel, she took his station, with overcoat and gun, that he might help to load the heavy artillery. Soon Washington came round to examine the outposts, and detecting something unusual in her appearance, asked, 'Who placed you here?' She promptly replied, in characteristic way, 'Them who had a right to, Sir.' He, apparently pleased with her independent and patriotic spirit, passed on. She accompanied the army with her husband to the South, and was present at the siege of Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis. During the battle, she was busy in carrying water to the thirsty, and relieving the wants of the suffering. When